

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME II.

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PAUL SEYMOUR,

PUBLISHER.

A Letter from Mr. Van Buren.

The "Northern Light Association," a society of the young friends of free soil, gave a notice on Thursday evening at the Chinese Assembly Rooms in Broadway, to which many of the eminent Democrats of the country were invited. Among the letters received by the Secretary of the Association from those who declined the invitation is the following from Mr. Van Buren. The views it takes of the slavery question, though brief, are very clearly and persuasively stated.

odium that will forever rest upon the government of the mother country for the original introduction of slavery, so loudly and so justly denounced by our revolutionary fathers, or it will share in the enduring honors of the Congress of 1787.

For the countenance and support which the men of the present day give to the adoption of the one or the other of these widely different courses, they will be held responsible to their contemporaries and to posterity. Our choice has been long since made and promulgated. The inhabitants of the free States in general are announcing their decision; I say announcing, because, notwithstanding the false glosses which have been placed upon their opinions by entangling them in the meshes of party politics, it is not to be denied or disguised that they have, with unprecedented unanimity, regarded effectual resistance to the farther extension of slavery as not only a political but a religious duty.

Accept for yourself, and for the members of your association, my sincere acknowledgments for the partial estimate you have formed of my character and conduct, and the assurance of my earnest desire that the political career you have so worthily commenced, may be crowned with usefulness and honor, and that health, happiness and prosperity may be the lot of each one of you.

I remain, truly, your friend,

M. VAN BUREN.

To Mr. James Conzatt Holmes.

The Rhode Island Case Decided.

This case, which has excited so much attention, and which involved such grave political consequences, has been finally decided by the Supreme Court. It will be remembered that Martin Luther, the plaintiff, was arrested during the Dorset rebellion, under the operation of martial law which had been declared by the government of Rhode Island. He subsequently brought his suit for damages against the officers, L. M. Borden and others, who arrested him. The officers pleaded their authority under the martial law, and the plea was sustained by the Circuit Court for that district. A writ of error brought the case before the Supreme Court at Washington, where it appears the judgment of the court below has been sustained.

The following are the controlling points of their decision as presented by Chief Justice Taney, who delivered the opinion of the court:

1. That whether the new government, at any time, displaced the charter government, is a political question; and not a judicial one.

2. That the charter government having at no time recognized the new government, but denounced it as revolutionary and treasonable; and not only opposed it by military force, but prosecuted and convicted Gov. Dorr, the leader of the movement, under the criminal law of the State—in which case, and in others, the charter government was sustained by the courts of Rhode Island—and that the Federal Courts, under an established rule of decision, follow the State tribunals on questions arising under its own laws.

3. That the recognition of the chartered government, by the President of the United States, in expressing a willingness to aid it, if necessary, in putting down the insurrection, by the constitution, is of itself conclusive of the judicial power of the Union.

4. That the Legislature of Rhode Island had power to establish martial law, and to authorize the acts to be done complained of as a trespass by the plaintiff.

5. The judgment of the Circuit Court was affirmed, which sustains the chartered government.

Liberty.

The favor of the English Government towards Liberia, seems to have advanced greatly since it has become independent. In addition to the other favors shown to President Roberts in his visit to England, it is now reported that he obtained from Lord Palmerston a promise for the appropriation of £2,000 to purchase all the territory lying between the boundaries of Sierra Leone and Liberia, in return for which he pledges himself that the slave trade shall be forever abolished on the whole line of coast from the farthest extremity of Liberia to the confines of the British colony of Sierra Leone.

This fact, if it be a fact, has more of importance than appears at the first glance. It shows that the British Government have got the same idea of the way to destroy the slave trade. And when they come to find by experience, that the trade can be excluded by the much cheaper and more effectual process of occupying the coast by a free people, they will doubtless vastly extend the plan. Every way it seems that a new era is opening upon the scheme of colonization.

Slave Trade.

A writer in the Journal of Commerce, says a gentleman from Connecticut, largely engaged in ship-building, and a successful business man, had occasion to visit Cuba in 1838. Passing up a river in a boat, there was a large company of slaves just imported from Africa on board, in all the squalor, sickness and nakedness incident to their terrible "middle passage." He entered into conversation with the trader who had imported them, and in the course of his questions, inquired whether the British were likely to suppress the traffic. The answer was, "No! Nothing can hinder it but such settlements as the Colony of Liberia. You'd—d Yankees are likely to shut us out entirely."

Sheridan and Wilberforce.

One night, coming very late out of a tavern, Sheridan fell, and being too much overtaken with liquor to recover his feet, he was raised by some passengers, who asked his name and place of abode, to which he replied by referring to a coffee-house, and hiccupping—"Gentlemen, I am not often in this way—my name is Wilberforce."—*Sheridaniana.*

No man is the wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit and wisdom are born with a man.—*Selden's Table Talk.*

Cholera.

The editor of the Morning Courier is engaged in producing a series of articles on the cause of epidemics. In the discussion of this interesting subject, he manifests unusual research and ability. He is very decidedly of opinion that cholera is the cause of epidemics, cholera included, and refers to a large number of facts and authorities in support of his position. There is no fact better established than that the Asiatic cholera seeks its victims principally in those localities most exposed to malarious influence. Our neighbor makes the following excellent suggestions, which we hope our citizens generally, as well as those who are entrusted with the supervision of our streets, will attend to:—*Journal.*

Cleanliness, universal cleanliness in the person, in houses, in the adjacent grounds, sewers, streets, alleys, in every place where malaria can form, will of course exempt the place thus thoroughly cleansed, from all malarious disease. There must be no reliance upon any half-way measures, because they will do more harm than good—a spurious case of vaccination is worse than none, because it gives an idea of security where there is none. And so with half-way measures of cleanliness. The laws against throwing filth into the streets, and for the regular removal of it from all houses should be diligently enforced. Where a family is permitted to accumulate filth in their own lot, they breed a pestilence whose ravages are not confined to themselves; therefore all should be made to cleanse their property most thoroughly. An important thing to be attended to, where an epidemic of malaria is prevailing, is to guard against going out in the night, but, if forced to go out, active exercise is important while exposed.—A part of this doctrine was taught in the epidemics of the fourteenth century, according to Hecker. Another safeguard is not to leave the house in the morning with empty stomach—some food should always be taken. These facts are impressively set forth in Professor Caldwell's prize essay on malaria. If these things are attended to much will be done in mitigation of disease. If this city were once thoroughly cleansed, there would be but little difficulty in keeping it in a healthy condition. Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty; it may be more emphatically said to be the price of health. We pray the attention of the city authorities and of the citizens to these important points. If the citizens do not lend willing hands to these measures, the city authorities can do nothing. Of one thing all may be assured—if these measures are seriously attended to, it is utterly impossible that cholera can prevail in Louisville—neglect them and the misfortunes that have seized other cities will certainly visit ours. The pestilence will come lurking through our suburbs, filthy alleys, cellars, and back yards, some night when we least expect it. Cholera was very severe in the dirty, ill-ventilated Arch street prison in Philadelphia, where personal cleanliness was not attended to—in the Eastern penitentiary, in which a different state of things prevails, such was not the case. When Dr. Mott stood among the oriental cities and saw their filth and squalor, he felt no surprise that they were scourged with pestilence. Why should we expect to escape disease while we disregard all the laws of health?

An invaluable method of guarding against the action of Malaria, which we found universally useful in 1832 and '33, was in getting families to lodge in the upper rooms of their dwellings. We know of instances where the servants of one family were made to sleep in the attic, and among whom there was not an attack, while the servants in the basement stories adjoining the houses referred to, were carried off with cholera. Whatever may be the nature of malaria, there is abundant proof that it is much heavier than atmospheric air, and that its malign influence cannot rise higher than forty feet perpendicularly. It can be carried some distance by the wind, but it always shows its effects near the surface of the earth. It cannot cross water because it is readily absorbed by it—we have shown that it is entirely destroyed in passing through living vegetation, and lime has a perfect control over it.

Cloth Made of Pine-Apple Leaves.

Some time ago we observed in the neighborhood of Batu Blyer a number of Chinese laborers employed in cleaning the fibres of pine-apple leaves for exportation to China, a new and promising branch of industry in Singapore. The process of extracting and bleaching the fibres is exceedingly simple. The first step is to remove the fleshy or succulent side of the leaf. A Chinese, astride on a narrow stool, extends on it in front of him a pine-apple leaf, one end of which is kept firm by being placed beneath a small bundle of cloth on which he sits. He then with a kind of two-handled plane made of bamboo, removes the succulent matter. Another man receives the leaves as they are planed, and with his thumb-nail loosens and gathers the fibres about the middle of the leaf, which enables him by one effort to detach the whole of them from the outer skin. The fibres are next steeped in water for some time, after which they are washed, in order to free them from the matter that still adheres and binds them together. They are now laid out to dry and bleach on rude frames of split bamboo. The process of steeping, washing, and exposing to the sun is repeated for some days, until the fibres are considered to be properly bleached. Without further preparation they are sent into town for exportation to China. Nearly all the islands near Singapore are more or less planted with pine-apples, which, at a rough estimate, cover an extent of two thousand acres. The enormous quantity of leaves that are annually suffered to rot on the ground, would supply fibre for a large manufacture of valuable pine cloth. The fibres should be cleaned on the spot. Fortunately the pine-apple planters are not Malays, but industrious and thrifty Bugis, most of whom have families. These men could be readily induced to prepare the fibres. Let any merchant offer an adequate price, and a steady annual supply will soon be obtained.—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago.*

The Wilmot Proviso Question.

The Southern States, or some of them, may come to the conclusion that the adoption of the Wilmot proviso would constitute such an invasion of their rights as to render it impossible for them to continue longer in the Union. It is true the Wilmot proviso does not propose to interfere with any State—but its indirect results and its prospective operation are regarded as fraught with danger to the South.

But the proviso has not been adopted; and many are of the opinion that it might be adopted or rejected with about the same consequence in either case; that in fact it involves no practical question—since there is no probability that, with it or without it, slavery can ever get a foothold in New Mexico or California. This opinion has been expressed by intelligent gentlemen at the North and at the South—by Mr. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury, and by Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State.

If an abstraction only be involved, it would hardly be advisable to dissolve the Union on account of it. A practical issue can be practically met only when it comes—and it has not come yet, although Mr. Calhoun has been predicting it for some twenty years. In all probability the crisis will not come at all, or, if it should come, it will be in such a shape that nobody may know that it is a crisis.

Supposing, however, that the worst should come to the worst, and that to the intense gratification of certain monomaniacs equally fanatical at the South and at the North, a dissolution of the Union should be resolved on by the South.—What then? The contemplation is somewhat gloomy. What portion of the new territory would the South be likely to get? How long would the Union stay dissolved? Is it probable that the South would obtain for her domestic institution greater safety or more convenient facilities for its extension?

But, surely, it is not necessary that we should speculate upon the consequences of an event, the occurrence of which cannot be regarded otherwise than as a misfortune, too great for Providence in his mercy to afflict this people with. What is to be looked to, in our humble estimation is this: that if there be no forbearance and a conciliatory disposition on both sides with regard to this question of slavery, the consolidation of sectional parties must follow—an evil pregnant with injury, and destructive of the true spirit of nationality. But if it is forced, the South concentrated on her one point, and claiming nothing but her constitutional rights, will have the advantage in almost every contest—for she will always find allies at the North who will respect her rights and act with her.—*Baltimore American.*

Trade of the Wabash.

The Wabash Atlas, of the 9th instant, gives a very gratifying account of the business of Lafayette. It estimates the value of the exports from that town the past year, of productions of the region around it, by the river and canal, at not less than four millions of dollars. Upwards of three millions of this, it shows in the enumeration of eight articles as follows:

33,465 bush Flour, estimated at \$4 per bush, \$133,820
375,470 bush Wheat, estimated at 55c per bushel, 206,508
597,773 bush Corn, at 22c, 131,510
44,399 bush Oats, at 15c, 6,675
20,422 bush Pork, estimated at \$8.50 per bush, 163,376
2,232,387 lbs Lard, estimated at 5c, 11,161
Beacon and Bulk Meat, estimated at 2,500,000
16,188 lbs Beef and Tallow, aver. 5c, 80,940

Total, \$3,328,500

If our editorial friends at Logansport, Covington, Terre Haute and Vincennes, can furnish us with similar statements and estimates of the export trade of the towns in which they respectively reside, we shall take the act as one of courtesy.—*Cin. Gaz.*

A Publican.

There is a good deal of character in an anecdote just related to us of "an heathen man and a publican" in a down-eastern region. A party of young men were "making merry in an upper room," when the landlord came up and said: "Gentlemen, I wish you would make a little less racket; the man down stairs is dying." All was now still; when all at once the door was opened, and Boniface popped in his head to say: "Go ahead now, gentlemen; make as much noise as you like. The man is dead!"—*Knickerbocker.*

Churchill's Wit.

One person abusing another in the presence of Churchill, the poet, said, "He was so extremely stupid, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it." "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

Mr. Greeley's Land Bill—Condensed.

Sec. 1. From the 15th of April next, any person of lawful age filing in the land office a claim of pre-emption to any unoccupied quarter section or lesser subdivision of the Public Lands, which shall have been duly surveyed and offered for sale, at the minimum price. Provided, That such claimant shall not be the owner of any other land, and will swear that it is his intention to cultivate the land he describes in his claim.

Sec. 2. The claimant shall have legal possession for seven years, within which time he may purchase the land at \$1.25 per acre.

Sec. 3. Under certain circumstances, any person who shall take affidavit that he or she fully intends to reside thereon, for life, shall receive a certificate entitling him, with-out limitation of time, to any subdivision of 40 acres or less, of land described in the warrant. The bill provides for lands held by married women, married men, widows, infants, &c.

Sec. 4. After the seven years, the whole or part of the land claimed by a warrant, may revert to the United States, unless paid for or taken on certificate.

Sec. 5. No warrant or certificate shall issue to any person not of legal age, nor to any idiot or insane person.

Sec. 6. Persons applying for certificates shall make an affidavit that they desire such land for occupation; and to all who do not do this the minimum price shall be five dollars.

Sec. 7. Provides for punishment of perjury.

Sec. 8. All acts inconsistent with this are repealed.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The American Difficulty with China.

As we supposed, the difficulty between Mr. Davis, the American Commissioner, and the Chinese Governor of Canton, originated in Mr. Davis' want of knowledge of Chinese character. One of our American missionaries in the Celestial Empire, Mr. S. Wells Williams, writes home to Utica, N. Y., that the cause of the trouble was the too exciting demeanor of Mr. Davis towards the Chinese authorities. Forgetting that he was not dealing with one of the enlightened nations of Christendom, Mr. Davis became indignant because these Chinese dignitaries did not display the same formal respect which an European Court would have shown. The Governor of Canton is also new in his office, and rather inexperienced in foreign diplomacy. The missionary alluded to, thinks that the trouble would not have occurred had Mr. Davis been more familiar with Chinese temper, manners, and customs. It is to be hoped that this difficulty may be amicably terminated, as the Chinese people and government have hitherto been extremely favorable to Americans, and have exhibited more respect for our flag than that of any other nation.—*Phil. Amer.*

Scene at St. Roch.

A few days ago, a part of my family were at the church of St. Roch, when their attention was engaged by quite a dramatic incident, reminding them of the opening of the *Muette de Portici*. Near the altar, a priest had begun to join a "happy couple," attended by a fine company of both sexes; a young and handsome woman forced her way through the crowd, reached the bridegroom, and put forward a child which she brought in her arms, saying, "Sir, will you dare to deny your daughter before the sacred altar, as you have already done before the mother, elsewhere?" The priest and attendants looked aghast; the man protested that he knew neither woman nor child; she was carried off immediately by the police-officers, and the ceremony concluded. According to the newspapers, she has added a promise of marriage and a correspondence sufficient to warrant the affiliation.—*Walsh's Paris Correspondence in Littell's Living Age.*

Good English Weather.

Do you remember the Wapping sailor in the Mediterranean, who called out to his shipmates one morning, when there happened, after six months' clear weather, to be a slight fog. "Turn out, boys! turn out! Here's weather as is weather; none o' your d—d blue sky!"—*Knickerbocker.*

The Noble Guards.

"I NEVER did like Mr. Polk much," said Mr. Partington the other night, "but I expect he had to send them soldiers down to Mexico; and 'twas 'for the country,' too, they said, and maybe 'twas; but he hadn't no right to send them *Mobile Guards* over into Paris to fight French furriers; and I wonder what he did for 'a passel of discontented savages, make the best of em'!"—*Knickerbocker.*

Spectacles and Staring.

We have heard of a Quaker woman, who was deaf, who used regularly to go to meeting, and without hearing a single word, could nevertheless report everything which was said. One 'First-day' she came home without being able to give any account of the discourse. Her vision was impaired; and when asked in relation to the 'exercise,' she replied: "I can't tell anything about it; I went to meeting and forgot my spectacles."—*Knickerbocker.*

The Hero who best Conquers.

Once two goats met on a bridge which was too narrow to allow them either to pass each other or to return, in which difficulty one of the goats lay down that the other might pass over him. That great and good man, Mr. Cecil, has very justly pronounced the courteous and accommodating goat a much finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield.—*Magdon's Proverbs for the People.*

A Wit Discomfited.

We remember witnessing the complete discomfiture of a wit, of no inferior order, by a message, politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl. 'If you please, Mr. B—, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would begin to be funny.'—*Theodore Hook's Remains.*

Ceremony keeps up all things.

A penny-glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water, without it the water were split, the spirit lost.—*Selden's Table Talk.*

Sagacity of a Pyrenean Dog.

Opposite to our hotel was a dog of singular appearance, a great favorite with the neighborhood, and, I might add, with my son, who took pains to ascertain all that could be learned of his race and breeding. It was a white wolf-dog of the Pyrenees, soft, silken-haired, scentless, spotless, invaluable as a guard, and evincing, not only the utmost powers of instinct, but, as the owners affirmed of judgment and reason.—*un chien de discernement.* This clever animal, named by the familiar English abbreviation 'Miss,' used to lie at the booking-office door of the Messageries Royales, Rue de Bec, noticing, with one eye open, everybody and all things. She knew very luggage was placed here or there, and whether certain descriptions of goods were intended for this or that conveyance. She would not permit crowding at the counter; she could discern whether the book-keeper was being annoyed by too many applicants for places at once; she barked off all those who seemed to be de-trop; and when special care was manifested by any of the porters in arranging a party's personal effects at the moment of departure, she would sit on the property till the owner began to ask for it. She was almost two sizes smaller than our common Newfoundland dog, and would have realized a high price in England. She was five years old, and malgre her oldness in discipline, was a perfectly good-natured creature; and however loudly she might bark, however fiercely she might look, she was considered by all who understood her good qualities, as a dog who did everything for the best, and did it well, too. We subsequently fell in with a similar dog, three years younger, on our way from Abbeville to Boulogne, home-ward; and I am surprised the breed has not been introduced in England.—*The Parson, Pen, and Pencil.*

Young Men.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is not virtue, but he does resist and conquer; he bears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is a trait of virtue, but he heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion if it leads to sin; the Atheist, who says 'there is only in his heart, but with his lips, 'there is no God!' controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience; and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth—raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume that beautiful garb of virtue! It is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength then. Let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.—*Mrs. Caroline Gilman.*

Singular Mode of Arriving at a Verdict.

I was in a case some little time ago in which one of the parties, from an honorable anxiety to save his client the costs of a special jury, acquiesced in a common jury; who, to his consternation, gave a verdict for four hundred pounds to the plaintiff, who, the late Chief Justice Tindal had told them, was not entitled to one farthing! One of the jury afterwards declared that it had been resolved to give a verdict for the defendant, but that all the others had determined to give a verdict for the plaintiff, and after several hours' altercation they put four slips of paper into a hat, bearing respectively the four sums one farthing, fifty pounds, four hundred pounds, and one thousand! It was agreed that the foreman should draw one of them, and the verdict be accordingly; and he drew the slip which bore the sum of £400!—*Warren's Practice of the Law.*

Punches.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—All that Lord is Napoleon possesses.

An Australian newspaper contains the following, to those whom it may concern, interesting intelligence:—

"ATTRACTIVE NEWS FOR OUR COUNTRY-WOMEN AT HOME.—Out of the female immigrants who recently arrived at Melbourne by the William Stewart, eight were married within twenty hours after their landing."

If any young woman wishes to know when she will be married, she may satisfy her curiosity by a very easy process. Let her take her passage for Australia, calculate the length of the voyage, and add to it twenty-four hours. Within that time she will be a wife—or a voluntary spinster.

The Bourbons are the Wandering Jews of Royalty.

The Barri-cade is only a brother, on the French side of Jack Cade.

The Gypsies in Spain have been highly extolled for their cleverness; but we should instance the Spanish Bonds as the most finished work of Borrow.

"La Propriete c'est le vol," is certainly the only property that appertains to American literature.

NOTICE.—MISSING.—THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.—Had on, when last met with a bunch of sea-weed round his neck, a seal-skin coat, with a very long tail, and "concomitants" of a most extensive character. He had been going lately to very great lengths; but his friends fear that he may have come to an untimely end; for when last seen, he appeared to be almost at his last extremities. He need not be afraid to make his appearance again, and unfold himself without scruple; but he must embrace the present opportunity, or he is forever lost.

"MY PROPHECY SOUL! MY USCLE."—Of all men, no one has been more indebted to his uncle, than Louis Napoleon; for it is very clear he never could have gained the smallest advance without him.

Wedding in Tonga.

A wedding took place to-day, August 4, in the large chapel here, between Naphthali (the son of the late king, and grandson of Feenoo, the celebrated warrior mentioned by Mr. Mariner,) and Virginia, a daughter of a chief of high rank, and each about seventeen years old. At midnight there was a cry made, which continued till day-break, to this effect: "Lift this food to the house of the bride." In all directions Vavau was vocal with the song of the multitude, who were bearing, or drawing on slides, ponderous burdens of food, consisting of pork, turtle, fish and fowl, and yams without number. The brides of native cloth and mats were piled aloft in ample plenitude. Presents passed freely from chief to chief. The dresses of this gracefully-orned people were ample, flowing, and rich, as the Tongans count riches. Their heads and faces were profusely anointed with sweet-scented cocoa-nut oil; while rasettes and odorous strings of flowers were the ornaments of their necks and shoulders.—The ceremony was performed with all proper solemnity by the Rev. Peter Turner, in the midst of an overflowing congregation. The feasting lasted three days.—*Miss Herold.*

Old friends are best.

King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.—*Selden's Table Talk.*

A Roman Suitor.

A Roman suitor who went to woo his mistress, took with him a bar of iron and a bag of gold. The treasure he threw at her feet, and the stubborn metal he bent in her presence.—*Acton.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SECESSION OF THE HOPE AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.—The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, who has long been known as an able and distinguished evangelical minister of the established Church of England, is probably no longer a member of that communion. His purpose to leave it is stated in an extract from a London paper, inserted in a previous column. The London Record of a later date says:—

"Last night, at the usual Wednesday evening service at St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row, where Mr. Noel has officiated for the last twenty years, a very large and distinguished assembly of his hearers, to whom he read a paper, in which he stated that he had decided to leave the Church of England, and to devote himself to the service of God in a more humble and private station. He expressed his deep regret at the necessity of this step, and his confidence that the Church of England would continue to prosper and flourish under the ministrations of those who remained faithful to her principles and practices. He concluded by reading a prayer for the success of his hearers in their respective spheres of duty."

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"MY PROPHECY SOUL! MY USCLE."—Of all men, no one has been more indebted to his uncle, than Louis Napoleon; for it is very clear he never could have gained the smallest advance without him.

Wedding in Tonga.

A wedding took place to-day, August 4, in the large chapel here, between Naphthali (the son of the late king, and grandson of Feenoo, the celebrated warrior mentioned by Mr. Mariner,) and Virginia, a daughter of a chief of high rank, and each about seventeen years old. At midnight there was a cry made, which continued till day-break, to this effect: "Lift this food to the house of the bride." In all directions Vavau was vocal with the song of the multitude, who were bearing, or drawing on slides, ponderous burdens of food, consisting of pork, turtle, fish and fowl, and yams without number. The brides of native cloth and mats were piled aloft in ample plenitude. Presents passed freely from chief to chief. The dresses of this gracefully-orned people were ample, flowing, and rich, as the Tongans count riches. Their heads and faces were profusely anointed with sweet-scented cocoa-nut oil; while rasettes and odorous strings of flowers were the ornaments of their necks and shoulders.—The ceremony was performed with all proper solemnity by the Rev. Peter Turner, in the midst of an overflowing congregation. The feasting lasted three days.—*Miss Herold.*

Old friends are best.

King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his

We send, occasionally, a number of the *Examiner* to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

Stirring Powers.—We learn from a brother of the great sculptor that Hiram Powers will not return to the United States in the spring, as has been stated, a letter to that effect having arrived at hand. The same letter states that Mr. Powers has just received from "Cervantes" (we are not sure that this orthography is correct) a block of marble which cost him \$1,200, (the blocks of which Ercand and the Greek Slave were wrought cost only \$300 to \$350), and we felt some curiosity to know what great work was coming next, but the relative of the artist did not know.

Western Organ and Messenger.—The two organs of the Sons of Temperance for Ohio and Kentucky have been united, and are published with this title. Mr. Underwood, of Louisville, who is well known to Kentuckians from the ability displayed in editing the *Messenger*, is the principal editor. Associated with him are Messrs. G. M. and E. S. Young. The paper is published semi-weekly in Louisville and Cincinnati. The union of the two papers will be advantageous to the subscribers in both States. Experience has shown that an organ for a single State must languish. If the members of the Order in both States give cordial support to this paper, it will maintain a high rank among the papers of the country.

To the Friends of Emancipation—Circulation of the *Examiner*.

We presume, from what has already taken place in the Legislature, that delegates to the Convention will be elected in August, and that the Convention itself will meet in October next. We, therefore, have left, a little over six months to the election. Within that period the great question of emancipation in Kentucky is to be met, discussed and decided. The question is, can it be done satisfactorily to those who wish to see our Commonwealth relieved of the greatest pressure that bears down on its energies.

We have received letters from friends in different parts of the State, anxiously inquiring of us what plan has been adopted, or is in contemplation, for a proper and effective diffusion of emancipation sentiment? The writers of these letters, to a man, agree with us in the opinion, that it is not safe to leave the question to work its way by its own merits. They concur with us in the belief that the people need enlightenment, and that the best means to enlighten them is through the instrumentality of the printing press. Money must be raised for defraying the expense of printing and circulating newspapers and tracts among the people. The necessary fund can be raised, we think, without much difficulty. All that is needed is a few of the right sort of men in the various counties, to see and talk with their neighbors and friends, and induce them to contribute to an emancipation fund.

An intelligent and warm-hearted friend in Henry county, writes to us thus:—"The subject of emancipation is exciting a great deal of interest here. As may be supposed, many are opposed to it. The community are willing and anxious, however, to have the subject discussed, though the time has been that this would not have been allowed. No obstacle now exists in the way of a free examination of the question of slavery in all its relations to society."

"I would suggest that if documents could be distributed among the people, treating the question manfully, firmly, and yet calmly, they would exercise an immense influence in bringing about a revolution in public sentiment on the subject."

Another friend, a most earnest and devoted champion of freedom, writing to us from Lewis county, says that he has just returned from a visit to Maysville. He found great interest in the subject there, and was told that a thousand dollars could be raised in that city, for a fund to be used in printing and circulating documents. After mentioning the names of several gentlemen who will probably give sums of from fifty to a hundred dollars each, he adds:—"The proposition is to publish facts and arguments, showing the moral, pecuniary, intellectual, and social wrongs of slavery, to impress the people with these wrongs, and to arouse the masses."

"I think the proposed enterprise will be very effective. It is one well matured by yourselves. It has long been contemplated. We want facts and arguments, showing the evils of slavery to the farmer, mechanic, the school system, the church, to the every-day laborer, who has got the notion that emancipation will throw him out of employment and greatly diminish his means of getting a living, and of acquiring money and property, &c., &c."

There is a deep conviction in the minds of our friends throughout the State, that if proper exertions are used to inform the people fully on the subject, emancipation can be effected. It is also believed by many, that, unless means are adopted, by which the people can be reached, the great, and good, and glorious cause of emancipation must be postponed, and our State must continue to groan under the curse of negro slavery through many dark years to come.

All reflecting men concur in estimating the effect of judicious and pointed documents alike. The political parties are aware of the great influence of scattering their respective publications among the people, and always attend to it. We do not think it likely that any one can exaggerate the influence which a series of tracts, containing facts and arguments on the subject of slavery, showing how it is inimical to men of all classes, and interests of all kinds, would have, if distributed widely over the State. There are thousands of men who only need a little waking up to become effective friends of emancipation. There is no one means of reaching them. There are others who, from various reasons, are prejudiced against emancipation, who can be won over to truth and right, by having a few judicious considerations addressed to their minds. There are many conscientious slaveholders, too, who can be brought to see the monstrous evils of slavery; men who have not reasoned much on the subject, whose prepossessions in favor of slavery will fall as soon as the truth is presented to them. We wish to confirm all the friends of the cause in the State, and by placing in their hands facts and arguments, to enable them to meet the advocates of slavery advantageously. Now, if a series of documents calculated to enlighten the public mind on the subject of slavery, were thrown broadcast over Kentucky, the cause of emancipation would probably be secured beyond a doubt.

This paper, the *Examiner*, is by far too restricted in its circulation. No one connected with it expects to make a dollar by it. We intend to spend every cent we receive for it in defraying indispensable expenses. We call on each subscriber to use his influence with his neighbors. We earnestly ask each one to go around in his neighborhood and see if he cannot procure some subscribers. If each one will only do this, our subscription will be greatly increased, and we shall be able to address thousands of minds that need just such a newspaper as this.

The circulation of the *Examiner* must be at least trebled within the coming three months, and the increase will depend on the efforts of our friends. We are willing to labor for the cause without any pecuniary compensation, and we can, therefore, confidently appeal to our friends for assistance. There is not a day to be lost! We must all go to work with all our mind and heart immediately. Delay is not only dangerous, but, if much longer indulged in, it will prove fatal. Let it be continually borne in mind that *Emancipation in Kentucky can be accomplished only by the united and persevering efforts of all its friends.* You, readers, are precisely as much bound to labor in this glorious cause as we are; and we call on you, therefore, to reflect on what you owe the cause. Consult your heart, be counseled by your conscience and then go to work for the redemption of our beloved Commonwealth from the thralldom of African Slavery. Do you ask what you shall do? The answer is ready: Talk with your friends and neighbors and see that their hearts are true and their minds enlightened with respect to emancipation. Contribute your money and induce your friends to contribute their money, for the creation of a fund to be employed in sending the *Examiner* and tracts into every county and neighborhood in the State. Every dollar we receive shall be most scrupulously applied to the furtherance of the great object we have in view, for which we are willing to labor by day and for which we pray at night. Do not leave this sacred duty to be attended to by others. It is your duty, and you cannot transfer it to another. Remember that but a few months remain, and that a vast amount of labor is to be effected. It is to be performed by willing hearts and dedicated hands. Do not be guilty of the sin of folding your arms and concluding that others will carry out the work successfully.—Each one has much to do on his own account as he can perform, and no one can accept a commission to attend to the business of another. Money must be raised, conviction must be promoted, and for this purpose every anti-slavery man in Kentucky must give his time and means to the truly good and glorious cause of emancipation. Now let us join hands and hearts, and with shoulder to shoulder march firmly to the great work that invites our energies and is worthy of our best efforts. Let no one fall back and prove traitorous to the cause of freedom and humanity.

Go to work, friends, in your respective neighborhoods, and let us hear from you speedily as to what success you meet with!

Powers' Greek Slave.—This great work of the American sculptor has arrived in our city, and is daily visited by large numbers of delighted spectators. It is beautiful as the first pure sign of virgin love. There is nothing about the statue that is not beautiful. It is beautiful in the general idea, and beautiful in all the details. There is a soul in that marble that kindles a soul in every beholder. We wonder at the magic power of the artist, which can give softness to the rigid marble, and fill it with the features of life. This statue does not seem, like Pygmalion's, to require the Goddess of Beauty to give it life. The life is there. The statue tells a tale of sobriety and inhumanity, of blighted hopes and affections, of home and friends lost forever. We look with the maiden to the past, where all the sunshine of her life is gathered, and to the future, where no ray penetrates the gloom.—The brightness of the past serves only to give intensity to the darkness of the future.

Some have objected to the exhibition of this statue as indecent. We feel confident that those who have seen the statue have made the objection. They fear only the effect upon the minds of others. We believe that any one who is affected with any but the purest feelings in the presence of this representation of purity, is so impure that there is no hope for him—he is gone past redemption. It is the impurity of his own soul that is reflected from the marble. He is corrupted by it as the dead carcass is corrupted by the rays of the sun. He would gather impurity from the sight of Virtue herself, as the spider collects poison from the most beautiful flowers. He would be warmed into vice by the sight of the icicles that hang on Dian's temple.

We wish to say a word or two about the charges that have been made against Mr. Powers. We have read with care the publications that have been made on that subject, and we believe that Mr. Powers is entirely free from blame. In August, 1845, Mr. Robb requested Hon. R. H. Wilde to write to Mr. Powers, and learn from him on what terms he would furnish Mr. R. with a copy of the Greek Slave. Mr. P. agreed to furnish a copy for 600 pounds, one half to be paid in advance, and the other half upon the completion of the work, at the end of two years. Everything goes to show that the statue was to be delivered in Florence. In December, 1845, Mr. R. wrote to Mr. P. ordering a copy of his *Exc.* Mr. P. believed this to be a mistake, and wrote to Mr. R. stating his belief. Mr. R. wrote in answer that he was a copy of the Greek Slave, and not of the *Exc.* that he wished. This letter was received by Mr. Powers on the 6th of June, 1846. Every one must see that the two years within which the statue was to be completed must be computed from this time. Mr. Powers could not know that Mr. Robb had not changed his mind. He could not commence the statue till he had heard from Mr. Robb.

At the time of Mr. Robb's application, Mr. Powers had nearly completed a copy of the Greek Slave for Lord Ward, and had made considerable progress on another copy which had been ordered by Sir Charles Coote. These are the two copies which are now in this country. Neither of them was originally intended for Mr. Robb. The artist had obtained from Mr. R. permission to exhibit his copy, when finished, in the cities of the United States "as long as he liked." Before Mr. P., however, had received an answer to his application for permission to exhibit, Lord Ward consented to give up his copy to the artist, in order that he might exhibit it in America.

Mr. P. then determined to let Mr. Robb have the copy originally intended for Lord Ward, if Mr. R. should make no objections to the exhibition. But after this copy had been sent to America, Sir Charles Coote wrote to Mr. Powers, informing him that his private fortune had been impaired by the troubles in Ireland, and he wished Mr. P. would take the statue off his hands. Mr. P. supposing that Mr. Robb might wish to receive a copy sooner than the Ward statue could be delivered to him, wrote to Mr. R. and offered the Coote copy to him, stating, at the same time, that it was of much purer marble than the Ward copy. Mr. R. refused this offer, and demanded the delivery of the Ward copy on the first of March, 1848. To avoid litigation the statue was delivered to him.

Mr. Robb claims that the two years expired in January, 1848; but it must be evident to every one who examines the subject, that the time did not expire till June 6, 1848.

Mr. Powers contracted to furnish a copy to Mr. Robb; but Mr. R. acted as if the artist had agreed to furnish the copy intended for Lord Ward. He had no greater claim to this particular statue than he had to the one purchased by Mr. Grant. He indignantly refused the Coote statue, as if there were an intention to cheat him! Our conclusion is, that Mr. Robb must have labored under some strange misapprehension in regard to his rights. We cannot see any thing to censure in Mr. Powers' conduct.

We invite attention to the following communication and the subjoined comments:

Emancipation, No. 5.
An attempt to answer some questions propounded to the writer "Moses" by the Editor of the *Examiner*.
GENTLEMEN:—The first paragraph in my article No. 3, was a verbal correction of the typographical errors in the one which preceded it. If you will show me fairly, I can't see what excuse you can give for not printing it. It is not unreasonable that I should desire to be correctly understood. Will you not publish the correction, and also the following in Nos. 3 and 4. In No. 3, line 37, for "not to" put "not so"; for "Anglo Romans" put "Anglo Normans." In No. 4, for "We," in line 45, put "He"; "difference," in line 59, should be "differences"; "rocks of igneous formation," should read "rocks not of igneous, &c." You are rather complaining, gentlemen, that I do not answer certain questions. I do not know that I ought now to stop to answer them more particularly than I have been doing. I came to the conclusion, immediately after reading the first number of your paper, (No. 76) which you were so kind as to send me, to write a series of articles upon the subject. I saw at once that your paper was very ably conducted, and I had no doubt that you had a highly respectable class of readers—I differed (honestly I trust) from you, to wit, I desired to address your readers—I knew that they would never see my articles if I wrote for any other journal.—I do not so deceive myself as to imagine that what I write will have any great weight with any body, but I know one thing very well, that is, that to understand this question as it ought to be understood by us all, before we elect delegates to the Convention next summer, it ought to be discussed in all its length and breadth.—I think that people are in favor of abolition and emancipation because of their partial and limited views of it. I do not think that I ever argued for victory. My ancestors took some part in achieving our Independence, and my aim is the perpetuity of our confederated Republic, the good of our common country, and truth. You cannot desire anything else. But to arrive at the truth in this matter, we must take a very extended and comprehensive view of it. Do you not, and do not all who advocate abolition and emancipation, set out by comparing Kentucky and the slave States with the free States. I have set out to do the same thing. I have, however, concluded to stop in my series of articles, and answer, or try to answer some of your objections now, because I am not well, and have very much to do, and I find it much easier to answer your objections than to write one of the series of articles.

You ask me to give you authority for what I said in my first number, as to the condition of the negro race in Africa. You surely know too well the rules of logic to require of me any such thing. If I were to say that there was not a country in Kentucky in which the people did not grow cotton, would you not at once say that there was no cotton grown in Woodford or Bourbon, and require me to prove that there was. Now, if you will name any extensive territory in Africa, where the negroes have exclusive control, in which they do not either capture one another in wars and then kill them or sell them into bondage, or sell their own children, then I will tell you what I know about that part of Africa, and give you my authorities. If there be any such place you ought to know it. I do not. As to the white men who have participated in these abominations, I hold them in utter abhorrence, though I have no doubt there have been good men who have been engaged in the slave trade; as for instance, the great English divine, John Newton. And after all, I judge according to man's judgment, I think that many slave traders will be as likely to stand at the right hand of the Great Judge in the day of final accounts, as those two Arch Bishops, and twenty-four Bishops in England, of whom Mr. Alexander Campbell speaks, as receiving forty millions of dollars as a yearly income, while the millions of their flocks are dying from want and wretchedness.

I never said that the slave trade was under the special patronage and sanction of Heaven. I think the question is very fairly answered, however, in number 3. You ask me, does slavery, American slavery, regard marriage as sacred?

It has been my fortune to meet with many gentlemen who have traveled extensively in Europe, some of whom have journeyed several years in all the larger States in Europe; and I have read some books on the subject; and from what these books and these gentlemen tell me, I have no doubt that there are in proportion to the population, as many chaste and virtuous married slaves in the United States, as there are married free women in Europe. The commissioners appointed by Parliament to examine into the state of education in Wales, say that in that country they reverse the French practice; that is, that there are scarcely any of the girls who are virgins when they marry. I think there is no man who ever staid a week in New York city, but will say that there are more prostitutes who promenade Broadway at night than there are virtuous women who walk there, during the day. Where do they all come from?—Not from the slave States, certainly, for a very obvious reason. But for exciting the river of our neighbors nearer home, across the Ohio River, I could tell something of their great purity. It is not for argument sake, or to compliment the white women in the slave States, that I affirm that they are the chastest and purest women in the world; but because it is a fact to their everlasting honor be it spoken. Does all this count for nothing? In making up the crown of the fair daughters of the South count for nothing? In what States were the Presidents of these United States born? Did their pure mothers have no part in forming their characters? That great and good man, John Quincy Adams, and more than once in Congress—and he seems always to have said it with a feeling of intense mortification—that the men of the slave States had always determined the legislation of the country. Give the North her Tariffs, &c., and she was content. Did the women of the South have no part in giving to their sons and husbands this superiority? Say what you may for education, the men who govern a nation are the great men of that nation, whether they are educated or not. Can any man believe that if every man in France knew that his wife was virtuous, it would be a year before they would have a good, well-established government? If the women in France were a majority of them virtuous, would they hold their elections on Sunday?

Well, you may say, that allowing all this to be so, this is not answering your question. Very well. But am I discussing negro slavery in Kentucky as an abstract question? If the marriage relation is better observed among the negroes in the slave States, than it is among them in Africa, is there not a great gain? But how do you propose to mend this matter? Your Louisville committee, in urging a plan which will after a while abolish slavery in Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri, say: "The subdivision of slave among so many owners, (in these States) withdraws the females from field labor, secures their marriage, affords the sick and infirm proper care, and thus renders these States such prolific nurseries of slaves." Now, where do they propose to send them? Where do all the emancipationists allow that a large majority of the slaves of Kentucky will be sent?—To the South; where this same Committee say their life will be so much harder, and where they will be so much worse cared for, that they cannot propagate so fast.

You know very well, gentlemen, that even at the North, among the most decided abolitionists, there are many of the most intelligent of them, who see that all schemes of abolition which have any regard to the welfare of the poor negro, are so utterly impracticable, and who see so clearly that it is the existence of the negro race in the United States, and not the slave condition of it, which constitutes the evil, that they do not hesitate to say, that if such is the law of their race, that they must degenerate and finally be exterminated if they are liberated, let them perish, all of which would be better expressed in the language of Cain, "Am I my negro brother's keeper?" "God has no right to require this at my hands."

Finally, as to how far the institution of slavery is sanctioned and approved of by the Almighty, you certainly will allow that the only way by which man can know anything as to the will of God about anything, is from his inspired word. Now, do you not know that God, by his servant Moses, instituted perpetual slavery among the Jews; a slavery which did not terminate with the year of Jubilee? And do you not know that God by his servant Moses did give particular laws as to the Government of this same institution? And once more, is not this same Bible fact a stumbling block in your way, and the greatest difficulty with which you have to contend?

I have heard many sermons in my life, and I hope to hear many more; but those sermons have been few and far between, in which the preacher did his duty either to the servant or the master, as to what they owed to each other.—Here is where the matter ought to commence: let every christian master treat his servant as he is commanded in the Bible and there would be no great sin in it.

I think that you emancipationists deceive the people, and present the question with two faces, when you are asked what is to become of the negroes, if an emancipation act be passed. You nearly all say that they will, a majority of them, be sold to the South, where they will climate suits them; and where they will be no worse off than they are with us. Here you say nothing about the sin of Christians in the sugar and cotton growing States holding slaves, &c., &c., and here you take no count of the happiness of the negro. When I present the question with its relative bearings and its inseparable consequences, you answer me by asking if I defend slavery in the abstract. Who is the best friend the negro ever had? May I not say with truth, a considerate christian master.

In my next I will take up where I left off in my last article, with the negro race.

There are several points in the preceding article, on which we desire to present a few remarks. First, our correspondent complains that there have been typographical errors in his communications, and demands fair play. Fair play, it is our wish and purpose always to give to correspondents, whether advocating or opposing the cause dear to us, and we are astonished at the intimation that we have failed therein. We can say with all the confidence of conviction, that a paper has never been published which aimed to deal more fairly with opponents than the *Examiner*. Let our publication of the addresses of Geo. W. Johnson, Esq., and President Shannon, unabridged and entire, testify to the truth of this assertion. In fact, such has been our courtesy in this respect, that friends have remonstrated with us as going beyond all reasonable limits. But truth is our aim and we are determined, as far as in us lies, that truth and error shall have an open field and a fair fight.

We regret that any typographical errors should have disgraced our correspondent's articles, but, if he knows anything about newspapers, he knows that errors will sometimes occur, where extreme care is taken. If "Moses" will look over the past numbers of the paper, he will find as many errors in the editorial columns as in his communications. We regret that errors are ever made, but he may rest assured that as much care is taken to present his articles correctly as with any portion of the *Examiner*. So much for "fair play."

The next point on which we wish to offer a few remarks, is the condition of the negroes in Africa.

"Moses," it will be remembered, asserted without qualification, of the negroes, that in Africa "the law of their nature and their race is to hunt and kill and devour one another, or to waylay and seize and sell into bondage; and this horrible condition was presented in contrast with the condition of the blacks in America, as a justification of slavery."

Now we know, as every one knows, that the moral condition of Africa is dark and terrible indeed, but we do not know that its condition is universally so terrible as "Moses" asserts. Therefore asked him for proof of his assertion. He has heretofore declined giving it, and still declines. He now takes shelter behind a rule of logic, and refuses to substantiate his statement until we have demonstrated its unsoundness. He will prove his assertion true after we have proved it false. Very well; we cheerfully consent. We seek no shelter behind rules of logic or any other defence, except the simple bulwarks of truth.

The assertion of "Moses" is that slavery universally prevails in Africa, and of such terrible nature, connected with cannibalism, &c., as by contrast to justify American slavery. Now, in passing, we may remark, that it is difficult for us to understand how a great wrong in Africa justifies a smaller wrong in America. We can understand why the fact of the terrible bondage the blacks in Africa would justify benevolent efforts in their behalf, efforts to deliver them from bondage and give them liberty; but it certainly is beyond our comprehension how that fact can justify their transfer into other bondage, even though of milder form, and especially, when that transfer can be made only by one means, and that means, one which the christian world has pronounced infamous, the African slave trade. This certainly is an anomaly in morals, if not in logic, that humanity and religion demand and justify an institution which could not possibly exist except through the instrumentality of a traffic which both humanity and religion pronounce accursed?

But let us turn to the facts which caused us to doubt the accuracy of "Moses'" statement. The eminent writer, Maltre Brun, states that "the country between the Senegal and Gambria is inhabited by the Galof, a negro tribe, a mild, hospitable, generous and faithful race, among whom justice regularly administered by a chief judge, who travels over the kingdom." The testimony of the celebrated but unfortunate traveler, Clapperton, is equally interesting and satisfactory. He unites with other most intelligent travelers in Africa in attributing to the negroes the possession, in an eminent degree, of humanity, fidelity, and hospitality. These travelers also concur in stating that invariably they found the Negroes better men than the Moors; and, as we remarked on another occasion, rarely a people among whom the exquisitely touching proverb, "Strike me, but say no harm

of my mother," is as familiar as household words, never was created for the sad fate of eternal slavery.

Now, friend "Moses," what think you? Do you suppose that if slavery exists among tribes possessed of such a character, it is of that terrible nature, which you spoke of as prevailing throughout Africa, in comparison with which American slavery brightens into a blessing?—Perhaps you may conclude with us that your statements need to be somewhat modified.

The third point to be noticed is the slave trade. We rejoice that our friend's seeming doubts have passed away, and that he joins with us in denouncing the trade as infamous. "Moses" certainly is advancing. A little while since he thought "it hard for him or us to say how far God sanctions the slave trade." He can find no difficulty now, for he surely does not think it possible for the Almighty to sanction an infamous traffic! Will "Moses" be so kind as to inform us how it happens that an institution, which he thinks has the blessing of Heaven resting upon it, has grown out of a trade which is abhorrent to Heaven and earth? The Savior says a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, but, according to our friend's views, there is a very good fruit growing out of a very bad tree.

The fourth point to be observed is the marriage question. We desired to know how, as a christian, "Moses" could approve and defend a system which does not even recognize the marriage relation. And what does he say in reply?—Why, "that according to the population there are as many chaste and virtuous female slaves in the United States as there are married free women in Europe." We confess that this opinion strikes us as having the merit of entire originality. In which of the slave States, we should like to know, is marriage among the slaves shielded by the majesty of law? Of course humane masters often recognize the validity of the marriage relation among the blacks, but where does the law recognize it?—In which one of the fifteen slave States are masters by law prevented from separating husbands from wife? Where are the clerks' offices in which the marriages of slaves are recorded? The truth is, that whatever individuals may do, the slave system does not recognize marriage among the slaves any more than among any other species of property. Yet "Moses" regards slavery as a christian institution!

We pass by the astounding assertion of "Moses" in regard to Broadway without comment. It was probably the extravagant production of a somewhat excited imagination. Nor have we comments to offer in regard to his eulogium upon the fair wives and mothers of the South. No one can surpass us in admiration for them, though that admiration does not require of us to institute invidious comparisons between them and the wives and mothers of the North. Pure as crystal is the fame of the mother of Washington; equally pure the fame of the mother of John Quincy Adams. Their names and the names of all the glorious sisterhood, America will always cherish as the brightest gems in her coronet. Will "Moses" permit us to remind him that the hearts of those noble Southern women, whose memory he reveres, the mothers of Washington and his compeers, glowed with a genuine love of liberty? They kindled the sacred flame in the bosoms of their sons, who, while contending for their own liberty, earnestly desired liberty for all. Washington and Patrick Henry and Jefferson, with all of their true-hearted associates, deplored slavery as an evil and a wrong, and earnestly desired its extinction.

It has been reserved for "Moses," and others who glory in their revolutionary ancestry, to regard slavery as a divine institution on which the blessings of christianity rests. Whether this is to be considered as a sign of progress or of degeneracy, it is not for us to say.

One point more remains to be briefly examined: the defence of slavery from scripture. "Moses" thinks that "this Bible fact" is a stumbling block in our way—out of great difficulty. Whether it be a difficulty or not, we rejoice that "Moses" has brought it forward. Let us see how much of a stumbling block it really proves. The argument is this: that because Moses permitted the slave institution among the Jews and made particular laws for its government, therefore we may believe that American slavery is approved and sanctioned by the Almighty. The general principle on which this argument rests is that whatever Moses permitted or sanctioned among the Jews is right for us, may more, is binding upon us. Let us see how far the modern "Moses" will abide by the principle. One of the laws instituted by Moses was that a stubborn son should be stoned to death, Deut. 21-21. Should not this law be enforced now, as it was among the Jews of old? Or let us take an instance bearing more directly upon the point before us.—One of the "particular laws" instituted by Moses for the regulation of slavery was, that a runaway servant should not be delivered up to his master, Deut. 23-16. "He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates where he liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him."—How does our friend like this "particular law"? Are he and his pro-slavery friends ready for its application to American slavery? From the efforts sometimes made for the recovery of runaway slaves, efforts not always of the gentlest kind, we should imagine that the propriety of this law in its application to American slavery is not universally admitted. Let there be consistency. If the authority of Moses is invoked for the justification of slavery, let his authority be equally regarded in the regulation of slavery.

But we have not time nor space to dwell upon details. Nor is it necessary, for we assert that the principle, on which the justification of American slavery by slavery among the Jews rests, is not sound. It is not a fact that because Moses permitted or commanded a thing to the Jews, therefore it is necessarily binding on us. We are not living under the Mosaic, but the Christian dispensation. "The law was our school master, to bring us to Christ." Have we not the express teaching of the Savior in illustration of this point? "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil." &c. &c. Moses permitted divorces among the Jews. What says Jesus? "Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered you to put away your wives." The Mosaic dispensation was preparatory to the Christian dispensation. The great principles of the moral law which it announces are universal and enduring; and these Christ has reiterated and incorporated with his divine religion. But many of the rules and regulations of the Mosaic code were local and temporary in their application. To this class doubtless belong the laws and regulations pertaining to slavery. They gave way and were intended to give way before the all-comprehensive and universally binding principle of Christ, in whom there is neither bond nor free, "that whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Such are our views upon "the Bible fact."—Whether this be a stumbling block or not, "Moses" can now judge. The Bible presents no difficulties to us upon this subject. The most serious difficulty that we have to contend with in regard to slavery, is found in the fact, that professed Christians should invoke the blessing of Christ upon an institution which stands in direct opposition to his spirit and precept: an institution which owes its existence to a traffic which the Christian world condemns as piracy.

an institution which nearly all of our wisest and best men deplore as evil and wrong; an institution which Alexander Campbell in vehement, stirring words denounces "as the largest and blackest blot upon the national escutcheon, that money-headed monster, that blighting and blasting curse."

In conclusion, "Moses" charges the friends of emancipation with deception. This is a serious charge, friend "Moses." We are sorry you have made it, sorry, that it is for your own sake.—We care not about it for ourselves, but we regret that you should have made a groundless accusation. That differences of opinion exist among the friends of emancipation is true, but that we attempt to deceive the people is not true. Read carefully our editorial columns and you will perceive entire consistency, for our advocacy of emancipation rests upon one ground—we believe it right and that it will promote the welfare of both white and black.

For the *Examiner*.

Common Schools.—No. 2.

Let me show you that not only will the community at large, or particular classes be benefited by an efficient Common School System, but that every individual, whatever be his situation or employment, unless he depend for a livelihood upon pulling the unwary, grinding the face of the poor through the means of their ignorance, or preying, vulture-like, upon the carcasses of men, after the vital breath of morality has taken its departure; that all, I say, who have the least well founded pretensions to respectability and moral standing in the community, would be benefited by such a system, more than they would be taxed to support it.

And here permit me to say that I believe no system which does not depend, at least on one half, upon a direct tax upon the property of the citizens, can be successful. An ample fund, the proceeds of which shall in all coming time be devoted to the support of schools, may give dignity to the Common School as a State institution, but every man needs to feel that he has in reality, a personal interest in the school, because it is supported by money drawn from his own pocket.

Then will all feel that they have a direct and personal interest in seeing that their funds are used to the best advantage, and that they avail themselves of the benefit to be derived from that, which, whether used or unused, they must pay for.

But how is the man of great wealth to be remunerated for the School Tax which he will have to pay? Whatever tends to increase the prosperity of the State, to make the mass of its citizens more moral, enterprising, wealthy, refined and happy, or to make our State an attractive one for citizens of that class from abroad, certainly tends to benefit the property-holder by enhancing the value of his real estate, fostering the spirit of public improvement, and making his situation more desirable by surrounding him with a state of society in which he can live more happily, and enjoy, in a more rational and refined manner, the blessings which a beneficent Providence has bestowed upon him. What man of wealth, that has lived in the midst of an ignorant and depraved community, has not experienced more vexation and injury from their stupidity in all things useful, and their artfulness in committing thievish depredations, than would accrue from the cost of educating the whole of them, under a well regulated school system.

But its cheapness must commend it to all those who have children to educate, and to those who have not, can certainly find no better way of appropriating a part of their wealth. The Common School System of Massachusetts gives for an average of less than five dollars per scholar, privileges for education unsurpassed by any system of private schools in the United States. These privileges too are brought within the reach of all, are entirely free to rich and poor, and all classes alike avail themselves of them. On the contrary, where private schools are dependent upon, those of the lower classes are generally of a very inferior character, while the scholar must generally be sent from home, at an expense of at least one hundred dollars per year, which is more than almost any man, however wealthy, would have to pay for a school tax. I believe it will be found to be a practical fact, that any man of ordinary wealth, who has one child to educate, will obtain pecuniary advantages from an efficient Common School System, more than equivalent to the tax he pays.

Citizens of Kentucky, will you not show a sufficient regard for your reputation as christians, as philanthropists, and as patriots, for the honor of your State, which is now tarnished by the fact, that one fifth of your adult population can read neither your own laws nor the laws of God; for your own peace, prosperity, and happiness, and, finally, if all these considerations fail, (which will not fail with Kentuckians), for your own pecuniary advantage, to establish on a firm basis a well regulated and efficient Common School System?

PHILOS.

The following article is from one who has reflected deeply and long upon the subject of emancipation. He is a native Kentuckian, to whom the welfare of his State is very dear, and a slaveholder. His words will, therefore, weigh much with his fellow-citizens:

For the *Examiner*.

Messrs. Editors:—As the elections are now over, and the public mind has become calm, and reason and sobriety will be allowed to assume the sway; therefore I think it quite time for the subject of emancipation to be brought forward, and discussed fully and fairly, without bias or prejudice; and I think it quite proper that all who feel an interest (and surely there must be few who think at all, who do not feel an interest) in this subject, should, if possible, let their opinions be known. With this feeling alone, I am prompted to give you my notions, crude and undigested as they are.

During the present year the question of a new Constitution will be thrown before the people, and this being the most exciting subject that will be discussed, should be most seriously, carefully, and dispassionately considered. Though I am a slaveholder, have been born and raised among them, yet I am for gradual emancipation, and my plan is something of this sort:

That after the year 1855, all slaves born in Kentucky shall be free; the males at the age of 25—the females at the age of 30. The time for the commencement of any system of emancipation, it seems to me, should not be less than five years, for various reasons. If there should be a majority of the people in favor of emancipation, there must necessarily be a large and respectable minority opposed to it. And this minority, too, will be principally those whose pecuniary interests may possibly be touched.—Their opinions should, as far as possible, be respected, and their interests, as far as practicable, should be protected. Many of our citizens have large amounts of money invested in negroes; and many have their whole fortunes in this species of property, and a loss time than five years, will not be sufficient to allow them to dispose of their property. A less time than five years will not be sufficient to allow free labor to accumulate, so as to take the place of that which will be sent off as soon as a clause for emancipation is inserted in our new Constitution. For I am fully persuaded there must be a great deficiency of labor, as many of the large slaveholders, cultivating large farms, will move out of the State, carrying their slaves with them, and many will send their negroes where they

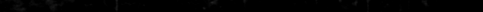
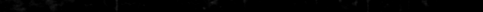
can get the best price for them. Time, therefore, should be allowed these citizens (whether they be many or few) to act as they may think it for their interest.

Now, the simple clause of emancipation, fixing the time for it to commence, and the age or ages at which the negro shall be free, is all that is necessary for the new Constitution to contain. As for all those conditions and stipulations about education, which some think should attend upon emancipation, I look upon them as the height of folly. Why? The time I have suggested will make it 25 years before a single slave will be free in Kentucky under a single session! It occurs to me, that nobody, no set of men, though they call themselves a convention, or by any other name which may give dignity and character to their positions, can look forward 25 years, and see what is the best plan to ameliorate the condition, or promote to the best advantage the education and happiness of the negroes who have become free. The very genius and spirit of the government under which we live, (and the same spirit should, and undoubtedly will pervade our new Constitution), presupposes that our citizens are honest, intelligent, and capable of self-government, and able to redress all evils and grievances which may arise and exist at any time. This spirit, then, suggests that the proper mode to settle the question, is to leave all such matters to the Legislature. Empower it, so that it may be able to redress all grievances, to remedy all evils that may arise, in consequence of the freedom of so many negroes.

Evil consequences must necessarily arise, on the extermination of slavery, and those consequences may assume very varied forms. It seems to me as next to impossible to anticipate the remedy for evils, the exact character and tendency of which, we cannot see. Nor do I think we have any reason to suppose that future Legislatures will possess less philanthropy and humanity than we; nor that the proper remedies will not be applied to the evils that may arise, for not like evils of the present day, will they be overlooked, and their

Terre Haute, Ia., this season.

A black and white photograph of a landscape, possibly a field or a body of water, with a dark, silhouetted foreground and a lighter, hazy background. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, almost abstract quality. The dark foreground appears to be a flat surface, while the lighter background suggests a distant horizon or a body of water under a bright sky. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.



On Leaving My Country Home.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Farewell awhile, ye fields and woods,
Garden and copse, and mount and dell,
To leaping streams, and dashing fountains,
My cherished home and haunts, farewell!

Nor longer 'mid your dim retreats
Must I, oblivious, muse and dream,
Deep shadowed from the acoustical hosts,
Or summer evening's scintillant beam.

Once more upon the waves of life,
My bark, unmoved, must spread her sail;
Surrounded by the din, the strife,
To woo the breeze or breast the gale.

Oh, many a nobler bulk than mine
Drifts wrecked upon a rocky strand,
And many a frailer, o'er the brine
Speeds safely to the looked-for land.

Once more, commingling with the throng,
Must I the noise and tumult hear;
Even while the wild bird's matin song
Still rings on my delighted ear.

Less sweet the measured sounds of art
From lips of human warblers fall;
A dearer language to the heart
Speaks Nature's minstrel than them all.

How beautiful the pictures drawn
By sun, sea, and sky, and all that's free,
What shadows on the lake and lawn,
In mass and outline softly lie.

Could Claude's or Rembrandt's pencil trace
Distincter lines or deeper hues?
Can Painting yield so true a grace,
Or such transparent light and influence?

No—in your halls and galleries gay,
With artificial sounds and sights,
Ye cities, there's no voice or ray
Like Nature's for your days or nights.

Therefore, with unavailing tears
I contemplate my happy home;
Therefore, with many doubts and fears,
I leave my Sabine farm for Rome.

It must be so; though Love and Peace
Are one beneath these vines and trees;
My very powers of thought would cease
If wasted in luxurious ease.

Then welcome! busy life again!
Welcome familiar thought and toil,
The welcomer of the midnight oil!
The wasting of the midnight oil!

But less than poet I should be,
Garden and copse, and mount and dell,
Fields, woods, streams, fountains, haunts, if ye
Were left without one and farewell!

Doeris, Autumn of 1848.

The Parents of Literature.

Johnson says of Pope that it is pleasant to remark how soon he learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt. This, however, was before he suffered in his own person; for no one felt the lash more keenly than Pope, or knew better how to inflict it upon others. His own "Dunciad" proved the power of criticism to extend much farther than mere irritation; for Ralph, one of its subordinate heroes, had no sooner obtained that unlucky eminence, than the booksellers suddenly discovered his incompetence, and the poetaster was in danger of starvation. This catastrophe was brought about by two lines:

"Silence, ye wretches! while Ralph to Cynthia
Hows,
Making night hideous; answer him, ye wretches!"

In our own day, John Keats—himself the victim of savage party criticism, though not to the extent usually supposed—was attacked in a still more bitter manner some of the classical poets of our language, the followers of the school of Pope.

—But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of—were closely wed
To dusty laws lined out with wretched red
And compass vile, so that ye taught a school
Of dots to smooth, inlay, and chip, and fit,
Till, like the certain wand of Jacob's wit,
Ye turned the simple earth to golden dust.
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of poets. Ill-fated, impious race,
That blasphemed the bright light to his face,
And did not know it, no, they went about
Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
Marked with most filthy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Beauclerk!

Who were these mechanic-poets? Byron answers, Johnson, Goldsmith, Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe. And who more? He goes on: Gifford, Mathias, Hayley, Thomas Brown, Richards, Heber, Bland, Hodgson, Wragham, Merivale, and others who have not had their full fame, because the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and because there is a fortune in fame as in all other things! This is a curious catalogue. Goldsmith; Crabbe; Hayley and others, like the mortals and immortals jostling in the liad! Byron is scarcely cold in his grave when the very names of most of his poetical heroes are forgotten, while that of one Keats, the presumptuous "dapple of the Lakes," is inscribed in the same enduring scroll (above or below it) with that of the author of *Childe Harold* himself!

It is curious to observe the impartiality of time, and the utter utility of any attempt to sway its judgment. Critics are the exponents of their own opinions—it may be even of those of the day in which they live; but another generation—perhaps another year—reverses the decree without ceremony. Critics themselves change with the changing time. In 1816 Byron wrote "unjust" under the most prominent of the literary portraits he had drawn in 1809; such as:

"That mild apostate from poetic rule
The simple Wordsworth—
Who both by precept and example shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose.
So close on each æsthetic path he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells
That all who view the 'idiot in his glory,'
Conceive the bard the hero of the story."

It is to be regretted that the noble bard did not live long enough to do like justice in the case of another poet. His "Vision of Judgment" having been published only two years before his death, Southey remains in a "renewed" and an "as to this day" terrifying both seraphim and cherubim, and the shade of George III. himself, with his spavined dactyls:

"The monarch, mutilled, then, exclaims, 'What! Pyc again? No more—no more of that!'"

The imitation of Peter Pindar here may serve to connect these odd judgments with the last satire of the last century. Byron, like Pope, and before him Dryden, was instigated by personal malice or revenge; but Mathias seems to have been a political enthusiast, who ran full tilt at Revolution, and had so little physical courage to support him, that he passed all his after-life in agonies of terror. The "Pursuits of Literature" was first published in 1794, just after the French had decreed by law that there was no future existence; and so well did it hit the time, that six editions were sold in the next four years. Among the first notes is one on Peter Pindar, not meant to illustrate the text, but brought in, head and shoulders, on a mention of his Theban namesake. Mr. Mathias seems to waste a verse on such a character, but tells us in his own prose that Peter's "rooted depravity and malignity of heart" are beyond modern satire, and that posterity—if it can be supposed that such trash as his works shall exist—will be astonished that the present age could look with patience on such ma-

lignant rabelais. He is not less severe on Proteus Priests—

"Who writes on all things, but on nothing well," but relapses into a smile as he treats of Bishop Wilkins' "Discourse concerning the possibility of a passage to the moon," which method of translation he considers a happy thought in a bishop. Of the same sort is Darwin's notion, that it would be very feasible to direct the winds by means of philosophy; and to him the following problem in physics is submitted, for which our author is indebted to Pantagruel: "Whether the hybernal frigidity of the antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line through the homogeneous solidity of the centre, might warm the superficial convexity of our heels by a soft antipodistia?" Gilbert Wakefield has so much vanity, virulence, asperity, insolence, and impudence, that literature begins to be weary of him; and Gillies, the historian of Greece, is "feeble, formal, dull and tame." The latter judgment serves to introduce a story about Gibbon, a historian of a different kidney. Soon after he had published the second and third volumes of his "Decline and Fall," the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and desiring to pay him a compliment, said, "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon? I see you are always at it—the old way—scribble—scribble—scribble!"

Our author soon after commemorates as a poet a neglected gentleman of the name of Penrose, who, it seems, had the misfortune to die a curate, and be buried in a village tomb. Mr. Mathias piously preserves the titles of his works. He passes a judgment on Hayley and Darwin, which the present day has confirmed, and then touches upon the works of fiction which delighted the old age of the last century:

"Or must I tempt some novel's lulling theme,
Bid the bright eye o'er Celestina stream;
With fabled knights, and tales of slighted love,
Such as our Spanish Cato might approve."

The "Spanish Cato" was the then Earl Camden. The Roman Cato learned Greek at sixty years of age, that he might read its romances; and our venerable lord chancellor, after having exhausted those written in English, French, and Italian, applied himself to Spanish, to obtain a recreation for his closing years. The English novelists of the day were Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Mary Robinson, Mrs. A. C. C., who, though all of them ingenious fiddlers, yet are too frequently whining or frisking in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impossible adventures, and now and then are tainted with democracy! He makes one exception, however: "Not so the mighty magician of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' bred and nourished by the Florentine muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment—a poetess whom Aristotle would with rapture have acknowledged, as

—La Andria

Damigella Trivulzio al sacro speco."

It is curious to think that Mrs. Radcliffe was really the best novelist of that time, only fifty years ago! If Earl Camden remained now alive, he would have no occasion to resort to any other language than his own; but if recalled to life, without having undergone the mental training of the intermediate half century, it may be a question whether he would not turn away with weariness from our present romantic literature, and seek his first loves in the dingy recesses of the circulating libraries.

Mathias now attacks a novelist who formed a school of his own:

"Godwin's dry page no statesman e'er believed,
Though fiction adds what sophistry conceived;
Genius may drop o'er Falkland's funeral cry—
No patriot weeps when gifted villains die."

A scholar next:

"Who now reads Parry whose title who shall give?
Dedicated light, or Postscript?
From Greek, or French, or any Roman ground,
In many progress and eternal round,
Quotations dance, and wonder at their place,
Buz through his wig, and give the bulk more grace."

Words upon words! and most against their will,
And honeyed globules dribble through his quill,
Mawkish and thick; earth scarce the tropes supplies.
Heaven lends his moon and crowded galaxies;
Scattered the recidivous and gracious dew,
And dotard impotence deform the page."

In these days we do not feel much interested in Parry; but a note to a name of another kind is worth quoting. The text is:

"I cannot, will not stop with boys to rise,
And seize on Pitt, like Canning, by surprise."

As posterity, says our author, may know little of this young gentleman, I shall add that Mr. Canning was first an Eton boy, then a little book of essays, then went to college, was then made M. P., and after some tuition and instruction from the accomplished George Rose, Esq., became one of the under secretaries of state.

Southey is spoken of as a young gentleman, author of many ingenious pieces of poetry. "He gave the public," says Mathias, "a long quarto volume of epic verses, 'Joan of Arc,' written, as he says in the preface, in six weeks. Had he meant to write well, he should have kept it at least six years. I mention this, for I have been pleased with many of the young gentleman's little copies of verses. I wish also that he would revise some of his principles." He laments that Beattie never finished his exquisite poem; to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman—an original poet, he gives a line; and Cowper he classes with the Muses themselves on Parnassus:

"There did they sit, and do their holy deed,
That pleased both Heaven and earth."

But whence that groan? No more Britannia sleeps,
No o'er her lost Mæsonus bends and weeps.
Lo! even Grecian, even British weeps,
Scattered the recidivous and gracious dew,
Where Mason lies. He sure their influence felt,
And in his breast each soft affection dwelt.
That love and friendship know; each sister art,
With all that color and that sounds impart,
All that the sylvan theatre can grace.
All in the soul of Mæson found their place!
Low sinks the laurelled head; in Mæson's land
I see them pass; 'tis Mæson's drooping band,
To harp of woe in holiest ossequies.
"To yonder grave," they chant, "our Druid lies!"

It is not merely curious, but instructive for one generation to refer to such records as these of the passing opinions of the preceding age. But, while denying the power of criticism to influence permanently the fate of literary productions, we are quite sensible of the effect it has on the personal destinies of authors. There has been more than one Ralph starved by a couplet. The booksellers are not likely to be mistaken on such a point, and they are sensitive to criticism to a downright absurdity. The "opinions of the press" which they nervously append to their advertisements (taken, perhap, from some obscure provincial newspaper, which would have given a verdict doubly stronger in return for two presentations) are extremely amusing—and they are likewise extremely melancholy.

When Johnson talked of the cant of authors in despising critics, he knew very well that the bread of authors depended upon it; although he likewise knew that their works

were in a different position, and that after the petty influences of the passing hour were at rest, they would stand or fall by their own merit. This distinction is not usually drawn; and we would counsel authors, who cannot afford to wait for the verdict of posterity, to suppress any manifestations of the contempt they may feel for contemporary criticism. At the same time we would counsel them to reserve and cherish in their own minds their right of appeal; to look forward with a high and holy confidence to a later judgment; and by keeping their eyes fixed on fame, in contradiction to mere reputation, to enjoy the best and loftiest privilege of genius.

The conclusion of the "Pursuits of Literature" is as follows:

"Here close the strain; and o'er your studious hour
May truth preside and virtue's holiest power!
Still be your knowledge temperate and discreet,
Though not as Jones sublime, as Bryant great;
Prepared to prove in senate or in hall
That states by learning rise, by learning fall;
Science, and senseless, through the awful storm,
In principle assails, to shun reform, and storm;
To mark man's intellect, its strength and bound,
Ner deem stability on change to found;
To feel with Mirabeau that 'words are things,'
While in delusion's ear their magic rings,
Through states or armies, in the camp or street,
And now a solemn accents, bold and brief,
Go, warn in solemn accents, bold and brief,
The slumbering minister of factious chief:
Mourn piouly, and prostrate in the dust,
Till, flares, and postils, crown and bust,
And last, as through the mouldering flames you turn,
Snatch the Palladium, though the temple burn."

A Greek Funeral.

I remember when they buried that bright-eyed Greek maiden, snatched suddenly from earth, when her young heart was light as her face was fair. They arrayed her, so rigid and motionless, in the gay dress she had never worn but for some great fête or gala, as though this, more than any, were a day of rejoicing for her; and thus attired, with her long hair spread out over her still bosom, all decked with flowers, they laid her unconfined in the grave. At her feet they placed a small flask of wine, and a basket of corn, in accordance with an ancient Greek superstition, which supposes that for three days and nights the disembodied spirit lingers mournfully round its tenement of clay, the garment of its mortality, wherein, as a pilgrim and stranger on the earth, it lived and loved, it sinned and suffered. As soon as the first symptoms of decay announce that the curse of corruption is at work, they believe that the pure essence departs to purer realms. Before the grave was closed, whilst, for the last time, the radiance of the sunset cast a glow, like the mockery of life, over the marble face of the poor young girl, her friends, as a last precaution, took measures to ascertain that she was actually dead, and not in a swoon. The means they always take in such instances to ascertain a fact which, elsewhere, would be insured by a doctor's certificate, is touching in the extreme; the person whom, whilst alive, it was known the deceased loved best, the mother, or it may be, the young betrothed, who had hoped to place her head on the gay and bridal crown, instead of the green laurel garland of death, advances and calls her by name, repeating after the word "Ela!" (come!) several times, in a tone of the most passionate entreaty. If she is mute to this appeal; if she is deaf to the voice dearest to her on earth, then they no longer doubt that she is dead indeed; they cover up the grave, lift their eyes to the heaven where they believe her to be—for the Greeks do not hold the doctrine of purgatory, and having made the sign of the cross, they depart in silence to their homes. But a year after, on the anniversary of the death, they return to the grave, and kneeling down, lay their lips to the sod, and whisper to the silent tenant that they love her still, and she is yet remembered and regretted.

A Good Daughter.

A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with her parent's happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with his eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness when her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is not given to the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but expressive proofs of love.

Calumnies under Affliction.

Calumnies in seasons of affliction should not be mistaken for frigidity or indifference. The heart may be drowned in tears though the eyes are dry, and the spirit weave dirge notes while the voice is mute. It is because they feel so much, so deeply, that some persons seem not to feel at all. They cannot give the faintest utterance to their feelings without being completely overwhelmed by their intensity; and as then they would be unfitted for the stern duties of life, they drive back each moistening drop, swallow each thrilling sigh, and in the depths of their aching bosoms suffer their grief to find a living tomb.

Industry.

If industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egoism? No, I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—Zimmerman.

Golden Thoughts.

I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, but a bush, a humble, slender, abject bush. As if He would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing prodigious love like humility; nothing hate, like pride.

Alarming Effects of Vanity.

One imagines that he hears frogs croaking in his stomach; another thinks his body a lump of butter, and is afraid to walk in the sun, lest he should be melted. Dr. Moore, of London, has recently published an account of a lady, who had passed an idle life, and who at last imagined herself a pound of candles, and dreaded the approach of night, fearing the chambermaids would take a part of her for use.—Magoon's Proverbs.

Monastic's Habits.

His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath he was continually turning on the warm water, to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapor, that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door. Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. His flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth in speaking of his night watching. Bonaparte made others watch, but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently, when I awoke him, he would turn himself and say, "Ah, Bonaparte, let me sleep a little longer." When there was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again till eight o'clock. He generally slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious. "During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate: with that there is no hurry; but when you bring me bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost." This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte put his advantage in it.—Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon.

Original Writers.

A man who can say things as no one else can say them, who possesses the charm of a perfectly original and characteristic style, who sees by the light of his own eyes, and expresses himself in the unhackneyed coinage of his own brain, is secure of readers. A fresh style is more than a new subject. There are minds of such inherent staleness that all they touch takes career like the Gibonites, with old shoes and tattered cloths. They start on their subject, and their style is as old as the hills. They are content with the common way-side, enough and matter for their genius. They find novelty and dignity in what we had hitherto passed over as common and trivial; they show us distances bathed in light, a foreground picturesque and fantastic, in scenes still new to familiar for any definite impression; but henceforth never to be looked at without interest, and forever associated with their memory. And this gift of theirs is a real power of perception, it is not a delusion substituted for the reality, but the reality itself, which our careless, unobservant glance had failed to discover before in its true intricacy and grace.

English Review.

Wife of Foster, the Keymaster.

He chose as the partner of his retirement a lady whose talents and force of character he ever held in high and deserved respect. It is generally believed that when Mr. Foster proposed to her that union which subsequently took place, she declared that she would marry no one that had not distinguished himself in the literature of his day, and Foster's Essays in "Letters to a Friend" were the *billets-doux* of this extraordinary courtship. It is amusing to recollect that after the first evening which Foster spent in company with his future wife, he described her as "a marble statue surrounded with iron pillars."

The Author of "Utah Williams."

A friend of ours had lent Godwin some money—a thing which Godwin's friends were frequently called upon to do—and had several times in vain applied for its return. One day he went into his shop, as Godwin was standing behind the counter, and said to him, "Now, really, Godwin, I must have that money! I positively am in want of it." Godwin went to the till, took out half the sum, handed it across the counter, and said, "There, there, sir, that's enough; I shall not pay you more at present. If I give you all, you will be sure to spend it." A loud laugh was the only possible answer, and the half-amount, half-exasperated, departed. Godwin had a knack, also, of saying little, spiteful truths, which rendered his acquaintance not quite agreeable. He had no sort of pity or tenderness for any failing in others. Leigh Hunt once met him in the street, and passed him before he was aware that he was Godwin. Then suddenly bethinking himself that Godwin would be sure to feel offended at the neglect, he turned back and apologized, saying, "I really am so short-sighted that I can scarcely see anybody in the street, and I didn't know you at first." "Ah!" said Godwin, in his sharp, shrill voice, and sharp, thin manner, "Ah! I wear spectacles!" "So ought I to wear them," rejoined Leigh Hunt, adding, with his usual candor; "but excomboy won't hear of it." "Ah!" retorted Godwin, "what a excomboy you must be."—British Quarterly Review.

The First Snow Storm.

BY ETHE SARGENT.

As for the first white flower,
In the early time of Spring—
As for the first snow shower,
When earth is laughing—
As for the rainbow's blending—
As for the day star's glow—
I have watched for the descending
Of the winter's virgin snow!

It comes! on pinions airy
The gentle flakes alight,
Like the torn petals of a fairy,
Or the fruit-tree blossoms white,
With undulating motion
They float and kiss the ground,
And melt into the ocean
Without a breathing sound.

Why watch I thus the falling
Of the first December snow?
Because its mystic calling
Is the voice of long ago?
Because it ever blenneth
With the memories of the boy—
Each flake as it descendeth
Enshrouds a perished joy!

National Peculiarities.

It has been said that an Irishman is at peace, only when he is in a quarrel; a Scotchman is at home, only when he is abroad; an Englishman is contented, only while finding fault with something or somebody; and, let us add, that a cautious, busy, bustling, impetuous American is at the height of felicity, only while he is in these tumultuous conditions at the same time.—Magoon's Proverbs.

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Knowledge lies deep in a well, but there is a way to draw it up, and diligent scholars will find it out.

From Macaulay's History.

English Literature in 1683.

"The wits and the Puritans had never been on friendly terms. There was no sympathy between the two classes. They looked on the whole system of human life from different points and in different lights. The earnestness of each was the jest of the other. The pleasures of each were the torments of the other. To the stern precision even the innocent sport of the fancy seemed a crime. To light and festive nature the solemnity of the zealous brethren furnished copious matter of ridicule. From the Reformation to the civil war, almost every writer, gifted with a fine sense of the ludicrous, had taken some opportunity of assailing the straight haired, snuffling, whining saints, who christened their children out of the Book of Nehemiah, who groined in spirit at the sight of Jack in the Green, and who thought it impious to taste plum porridge on Christmas day. At length a time came when the laughter began to look grave in their turn. The rigid, ungainly zealots, after having furnished much good sport during two generations, rose up in arms, conquered, ruled, and, grimly smiling, trod down under their feet the whole crowd of mockers. The wounds inflicted by gay and petulant malice were retaliated with the gloomy and implacable malice peculiar to bigots who mistake their own rancor for virtue. The theatres were closed. The players were flogged. The press was put under the guardianship of austere licensers. The Muses were banished from their own favorite haunts. Cowley was ejected from Cambridge, and Crashaw from Oxford. The young candidate for academical honors was no longer required to write Ovidian epistles or Virgilian pastorals, but was strictly interrogated by a synod of louing Supralapsarians as to the day and hour when he experienced the new birth. Such a system was of course fruitful of hypocrites. Under sober clothing and under viages composed to the expression of austerity lay hid during several years the intense desire of license and of revenge. At length that desire was gratified. The restoration emancipated thousands of minds from a yoke which had become insupportable. The old fight recommenced, but with an animosity altogether new. It was now not a sportive combat, but a war to the death. The Roundhead had no better quarter to expect from those whom he had persecuted than a cruel slave driver can expect from insurgent slaves still bearing the marks of his collars and his scourges."

The war between wit and Puritanism soon became a war between wit and morality. The hostility excited by a grotesque caricature of virtue did not spare virtue herself. Whatever the canting Roundhead had regarded with reverence was insulted. Whatever he had proscribed was favored. Because he had been scrupulous about trifles, all scruples were treated with derision. Because he had covered his failings with the mask of devotion, men were encouraged to obtrude with cynic impudence all their most scandalous vices on the public eye. Because he had punished illicit love with barbarous severity, virgin purity and conjugal fidelity were to be made a jest. To that sanctimonious jargon, which was his shibboleth, wits opposed another jargon not less absurd and much more odious. As he never opened his mouth except in scriptural phrase, the new breed of wits and fine gentlemen never opened their mouths without uttering ribaldry of which a porter would now be ashamed, and without calling on their Maker to curse them, sink them, confound them, blast them and damn them.

It is not strange, therefore, that our polite literature, when it revived with the revival of the old civil and ecclesiastical policy, should have been, profoundly immoral. A few eminent men, who belonged to an earlier and better age, were exempt from the general contagion. The verse of Waller still breathed the sentiments which had animated a more chivalrous generation.—Cowley, distinguished at once as a loyalist and as a man of letters, raised his voice courageously against the immorality which disgraced both letters and loyalty. A mightier spirit, unshook by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold. The vigorous and fertile genius of Butler, if it did not altogether escape the prevailing infection, took the disease in a mild form. But these were men whose minds had been trained in a world which had passed away. They gave place in no long time to a younger generation of poets, and of that generation, from Dryden down to Duffry, the common characteristic was hard hearted, shameless, swaggering licentiousness, at once inelegant and inhuman. The influence of these writers was doubtless noxious, yet less noxious than it would have been had they been less depraved. The poison which they administered was so strong, that it was, in no long time, rejected with nausea. None of them understood the dangerous art of associating images of unlawful pleasure with all that is endearing and ennobling. None of them was aware that a certain decorum is essential even to voluptuousness, that decency may be more alluring than exposure, and that the